

VOLUME L

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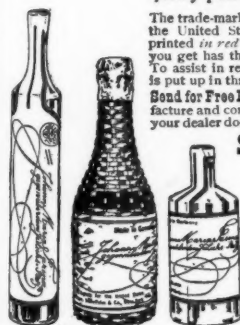
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LIFE



JEANNE d'R. d'OILYANS. No. IV—HER CHARMED LIFE

"LA FUSELLE" HAS MANY NARROW ESCAPES FROM THE PRESS OF THE OPPOSING PEOPLE

Let's Christen It



THE Wall Street panics of the past have all had their distinctive names. Some of our afflicted fellow-citizens have lately suffered losses. They insist that properly distinguished it would be called the Roosevelt Panic.

It may be true that the President's spectacular way of doing everything with a brass-band accompaniment may have frightened that timid thing called credit. It is even more true that the underlying cause of the recent trouble was the realization finally that our big financiers, the men who held the people's money,

were not faithful to their trust. They had come to regard the money in their hands as theirs to gamble with. For years they had been using it for that purpose without losing reputation, commercially or socially. What they were doing was practically the same as stealing. It was theft but in large amounts.

The right name for the recent crisis is The Grand Larceny Panic.

A Frenzied Financier

"HELLO, Dianny, you look prosperous—got a job now?"

"You bet, an' it's a good one!"

"What is it?"

"Gettin' in early on de bank runs, an' sellin' me place in de line."

All Serene

THE Trust president pushed the button and the general counsel stood before him.

"Have the books been burned?"

"They have."

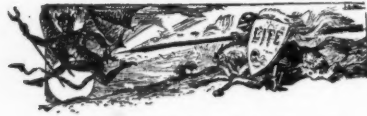
"Has the mortgage been erased, the bonds stolen and the safe buried?"

"It has been done."

"Then announce to the Government that we have nothing to conceal."

Who Would Make the Worst President?

THE announcement of the Prize Winner of this contest will be made in the next issue of LIFE.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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IF WE still thought of the world as governed by a Board of Gods resident on Mount Olympus we should surely think of them as grinning to one another over many details of the current American financial disturbance.

At this writing, ten days after the shutting down of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the topic that is still most discussed when two or three are gathered together is the responsibility of President Roosevelt for the money panic. Wall Street has named it after him and calls it the Roosevelt Panic, but that settles nothing. Opinion ranges all the way from the closing day proclamation of Vice-President Turnbull, of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, that the whole calamity was due to one man, to the disclosure of the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald* that "the absolute confidence of the country in the policies of the present administration is regarded here as the principal thing that enabled the Government, aided by men high in the financial world, to stop the excitement in its incipency."

The Olympians must have chuckled at that, and over President Roosevelt's letter of congratulation to Mr. Cortelyou there must have rolled some billows of Olympian laughter. Not but that it was a nice letter, but all things considered it sounded so amusingly pop-gun after the roar of the earthquake. "Good boy, George, you done noble," was about all it was safe for the President to say for publication to the returning Secretary. George did do nobly: as to that there is but one opinion. Give the President due

credit for putting him where he is, and giving him his head.



THE interesting thing about all the opinions about the relation of the President to the panic is that there is hardly one of them but has some truth in it. The President is neither a banker, a lawyer nor a man of business. He is a preacher, a writer and a politician. The moral aspects of things take a far stronger hold on his mind than their industrial aspects. He is not naturally and fundamentally interested in business or money-making or economics. He is enormously interested in making men do what he thinks is right. Ethics, politics and sport are his natural lines, and when his mind works outside of these it is apt to work perfunctorily. It is only fit to deal very generally with such a question, for example, as the tariff. When he pounds on the desk and calls malefactors to repentance and promises them hell if they don't come—as he has been doing for months past—he is on his natural job and is quite splendid. But when a sudden economic damnation swoops down and claws all hands with miscellaneous fury, that is not his sort of game. If it had been a bear, now— And so it sounded funny when he praised Mr. Cortelyou, and "those substantial and conservative business men" who caught and caged the furious monster of destruction.

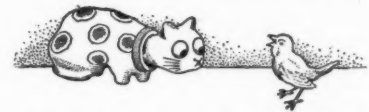
Well, well. To be all things to all men is a hard job, especially for an egotist. To one man it is given to hit the line hard; to another to run with the ball; but it takes all kinds to win the game. We can concede Mr. Roosevelt's efficiency in hitting the line, and still swell up in grateful admiration at the nimbleness and grit of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Cortelyou in getting hold of the ball in the very spasm of a crisis and making a safety.



MR. MORGAN, however popular he may become as the renown of his recent exploits penetrates the corners of the country, is hardly likely to become a candidate for President. His experience is pretty well matured, his habits are fixed, he likes to go to Europe in the

summer, and the office at the corner of Broad and Wall is a good enough White House for him. But Mr. Cortelyou is a likely man about whom the President-makers had already taken some thought before the recent dramatic advertisement of his merits as a cool-headed emergency man, and an accomplished officer of government. His week's work in New York last month plainly moved him forward from the "possible" to the "available" group of Republican candidates. The great majority of the people of the country believe in the policies with which the present administration is identified, but a great many voters, while desirous of seeing them carried forward, would prefer to see them carried on by methods as much calmer than those now in use as is consistent with effectiveness. Mr. Cortelyou seems to combine equanimity with effectuality. He is not at all vociferous, yet he is credited with a great deal of force, great powers of work and an almost unequalled knowledge of details of public business.

With him going strong enough to be remarked, the field of Republican candidates grows more and more interesting. There are still plenty of enthusiasts who cry that Mr. Roosevelt must and shall have another term, and plenty of hostiles who affect to believe that he is exceedingly anxious to have one, but not by word, nor, we believe, by thought or deed, has Mr. Roosevelt ever given the slightest evidence of any change in his announced purpose to make his present term his last. One reason why it seems desirable to have him discontinue being President is that it is not favorable to the development of the public mind to talk on any one subject as much as people talk about him.



IT HAS been reported at this writing that the price of meat was going to be reduced ten per cent., but most of the market men scoff at the news and say that the variation is more likely to be in the other direction. The report is very popular as far as it goes. The idea of retrenchment is getting firmly inserted in the minds of the population hereabouts, and many hearts are ready to rejoice in the possibility of spending less money and still getting enough to eat.



"HE'S A WONDERFUL MIND-READER. HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING IN MY MIND IN FOUR OR FIVE MINUTES."
She: YES—FINE MIND-READER—BUT SLOW.

The Astonishing Tale of a Pen and Ink Puppet

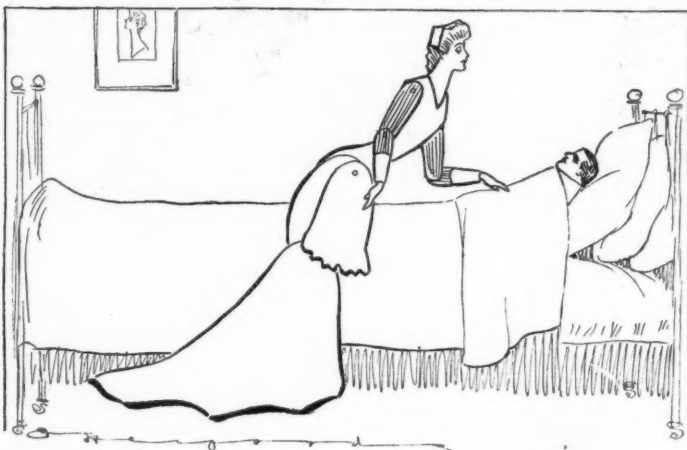
Or, The Genteel Art of Illustrating

By Oliver Herford

(Continued)



At this terrible news Bertie went to pieces completely. Fortunately the Trained Nurse arrived just in time to pull him together.



"The sound of your train soothes me," said Bertie, feebly. "Is that why you wear it?"

"No," she replied, naively; "I wear a train because I am a Trained Nurse."

Tom Lawson's Worst

LET us remember that when the recent panic was at its worst Thomas Lawson did what he could to aggravate it. His advertisement in the *World* on October 24 was skilfully adapted to scare frightened folks clean out of their shaken wits. Why the *World* should have published such a communication at such a time is not easily understood. It was like letting Tom touch off fireworks in a powder-factory.

Her Kind Heart

IT MAKES her sad to hear another sigh;
A gentle heart is beating in her breast;
'Twould pain her if she had to harm a fly,
But her dog has lost the tail he once possessed.
She has had his ears clipped closely to his head,
And looks upon him now with deepest pride;
At night she lets him sleep upon her bed,
And when she drives he nestles at her side.

She wouldn't hurt the feelings of a cat,
'Twould grieve her if on pussy's tail she rocked;
In passing it may be recorded that
She recently has had her horses docked.
'Twould pain her if she had to harm a fly,
Yet while the kindest feelings through her flit
She always has her horses reined as high
As cruel bits and leather will permit.

S. E. Kiser.

"PAPA, what is margin?"
"My son, it is an ever-present lack in time of trouble."

Possibly

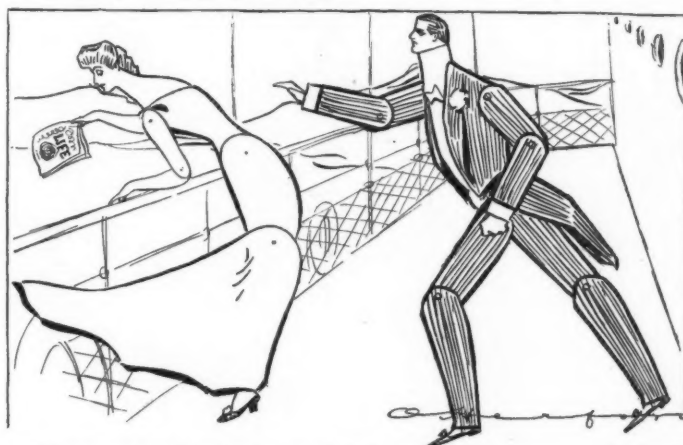
IT IS possible that we may now see a partial transfer of the President's energies from the important work of being angry with the wicked to the equally important work of saving the pieces. There was a Civil War general who paid so much attention in a battle to directing the firing of a field-piece near his headquarters that he neglected the general situation and lost the fight. It is pretty generally felt that the President has diverted more time and thought than the situation could spare to firing off his own gun.



"I can never be more than a brother to you," said Bertie, gently but firmly, releasing himself from her embrace. "I am in love with Angelina and Ethelberta, and no gentleman can be genteelly in love with more than two ladies at the same time."



The doctor has ordered a complete change, so Bertie takes passage for Europe on the *Lucania*.
It happens that Angelina, to avoid marrying the dissolute Duke of Tripe, runs away from home disguised as a footman.



She was leaning over the rail reading an artistic and high-class humorous weekly.
His heightened pulse told him it must be either Angelina or Ethelberta.
As he approached, she tossed the fluttering journal into the sea.
"I am so tired of hearing they never lost a *LIFE* on this line," she cried, wearily.

The Law

THOU shalt not bear false witness against the birds of the air, or the beasts of the field, or the fishes under the sea.

This is the first commandment, and the second is like unto it, for it says that thou shalt not differ from a Great Personage, on any subject whatsoever.

Such is the law, and the profit is in looking well to it.

Suburbia

BOARDER: Do you subscribe for the village newspaper?

INHABITANT: No. The village dressmaker boards tew our house.

Enigma

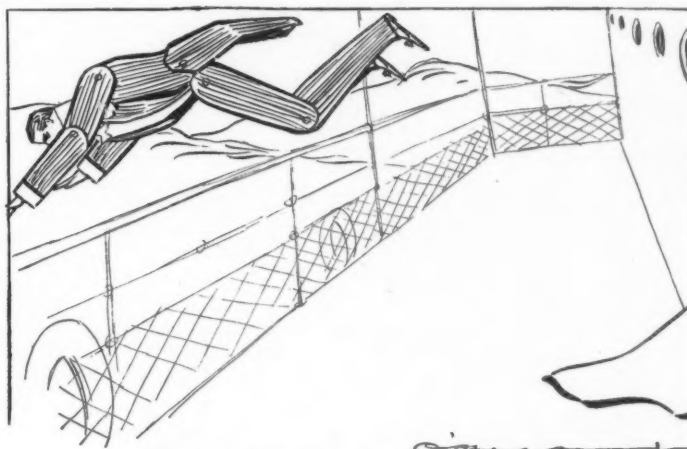
YOU will find it in easy but never in hard;
It's in a protector but not in a guard.
It's never in faith, but it's always in fear,
It's not in a sigh but it *is* in a tear.
It's in the beginning, the middle and end;
In your bitterest enemy and in your best friend.
It stays in a house or in splendid hotels;
It's never in prisons but always in cells.
It's down in a cistern; it's up in a tree;
It's never in you but it's always in me;
In my eyes and my ears and my nose and my face,
In my fingers and toes and in every place;
Tho' it's not in my hand or my foot or my arm.
It's in my timepiece but not my watch-charm.
It's always in cures but never in pills;
In all our disasters but not in our ills.
You will find it in kindness but not in sour look;
In a magazine page but not in a book.
It's in a cute joke and it's in a sweet smile;
There's none in a furlong but there's one in a mile.
You will find it in envy and malice and hate;
In life and in death, in little and great.
But it's also in hope and the prayer that we pray,
And it's in a true love forever and aye.

Maurice Smiley.

GO SLOW about crediting President Roosevelt with improper action in suggesting the suspension of the license of the pilot of the *Hartweg*. There is plenty of good eyewitness testimony that the pilot deserved all he got. The *Boston Transcript* published a letter to that effect on October 25 which was very convincing.

Appalling

IT IS to tremble when one thinks what thoughts arose in the mind of Chancellor James R. Day on the days of the panic.



Without a word our hero mounted the rail and dived overboard.
He would save her *LIFE* at any cost.

To be continued



Sanctum Talks

"GOOD-MORNING, LIFE."
 "Good morning, sir. You are"—
 "President and director of one of our large trust companies."

"And your name is?"

"Never mind that. I'm trying to conceal it."

"I can well understand your motives. Suppose I call you—just for convenience, you know—Mr. Reckless-Speculator."

"Um! Ah! Very well. I just came in, LIFE, to express my indignation. Would you believe it, the institution of which I am president was recently obliged to close its doors."

"You alarm me. Surely this could not have been your fault."

"Dear me, no. Perfectly sound, of course"—

"And no one will lose anything even now. When you have realized on your assets you will, I presume, pay 100 cents on the dollar."

"Well, you see, we would have been able to do this only with such a present incumbent as we have at the White House. What can one expect? Then you know our collateral, almost all of it gilt-edged icebergs, Mexican silver mines, and other well-known specialties, has unavoidably shrunk."

"Owing to"—

"Owing to lack of confidence in our and other companies."

"How silly."

"Isn't it absurd!"

"And so possibly you will not be able to pay in full."

"Well, er, not exactly. Possibly seventy per cent."

"Indeed! As much as that!"

"I said possibly, you understand."

"Oh, yes. Possibly seventy, possibly sixty, or fifty, or"—

"Exactly. One never can tell what senseless timidity on the part of the people may lead us into."

"You blame them, then."

"Who else? And now, LIFE, I'm coming to the main point. You see it's quite plain. If every depositor had stood by us"—

"Had made no attempt to withdraw his own money"—

"Precisely. Why, then, it couldn't have happened."

"But they didn't."

"Dear me, no. That's what made all the trouble."

"They all thought of the same thing at the same time."

"That's just it. You see how unpatriotic and thoroughly selfish it was."

"Disgracefully so. They were heedlessly looking out for themselves and their own families instead of considering your interests. This made a run on your institution."

"Yes, and a very trying one, too. Why, I assure you I watched the crowd for a couple of hours from my auto when it first began, and I don't know when I passed such an anxious time."

The Brighter Side



IT IS a cheerful thing when the wires throb out the news that Mr. James B. Duke has at last found perfect pearls enough to complete a necklace costing \$200,000, and all in time for Mrs. Duke to wear them at the opening of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

But why do the wires go on to say that it isn't the costliest necklace in the world, that a lady in New York has a necklace worth a million, and then fall silent? Is that other necklace going to be worn at the opening of the season at the Metropolitan?

We are a people of delicate sensibilities, where music is concerned, and we are especially touchy as to the grand opera season at the Metropolitan. But we are likewise a buoyant, sanguine people, and while here and there a temperamental pessimist will take the gloomier view, the great body of us will believe, in spite of the sinister silence of the wires, that the million-dollar necklace will not be found wanting when the curtain goes up.

Ramsey Benson.

Overtrained

DASHAWAY: I want you to meet the eldest Springer girl. She is the most intelligent of the three of them.

CLEVERTON: No, thanks. I've learned more than I ought to know from the other two.

The Reason

"NOW, mother dear, don't be angry with me for falling in love with her. Besides, wern't you poor yourself when you first met the governor?"

"Yes, my dear son. But so was your father. And I married him because I knew he would succeed."

"Well, mother, and she is going to marry me because he did—don't you see?"

"You must have done so. You must have suffered almost as much as one of the women who stood up shivering in front of your doors all night."

"Now *that's* just the spirit I referred to. That's what caused the trouble. You see they were all so unreasonable."

"Of course they were, Mr. President. A lot of scared, worried people, each one of whom was afraid he might lose his little all, when he ought to have considered your position first. But"—

"Well, LIFE?"

"But if they had all known beforehand, Mr. Reckless-Speculator, that in case of any shortage you and each of your fellow directors would be held personally responsible; if they had known absolutely that in case of trouble which involved their deposits you might in addition, each

one of you, have been promptly sent to jail"—

"You make me shiver."

"I say, if they knew this, my dear Mr. Director, why then there wouldn't have been any run. They wouldn't have been scared to death then."

"But, my dear LIFE, there isn't such a law."

"True. But don't you think there ought to be?"

"What! To benefit a lot of silly people!"

"Dear me, no. The only thing, of course, that ought to be considered is the prosperity of the directors. Who cares for the public? Just think this over. Good morning."

"G—good morning, LIFE."

THE true critic is one who can appreciate something he doesn't like.



Shade of Captain of the Mayflower: HERE'S TO THE LUSITANIA! SHE HAS BEATEN OUR RECORD BY EIGHT WEEKS, THREE DAYS, FOUR HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES.

Noblesse Oblige

TO LIVE the life my father taught,
Of honor, dignity and length;
To do the littler things I ought;
To know, but not to show my strength;
To make and keep a friend or two,
And show a kindness every day;
To do the work I have to do,
And do it in a goodly way;
To earn so much as I may need
For my own wants, and little more;
To win, perhaps, a cheering meed
From Her whose praise I labor for;
To do no hurt by thoughtless speech,
By careless, cruel look or act;
To learn from whomsoe'er may teach
The kindly courtesy of tact—
These, the ideals to approach,
These be the lessons I must scan
That I may bear, without reproach
The grand old name of Gentleman.

E. Carroll Schaeffer.

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THIS WORLD CREEPE
AFRAID OF THEMSELVES AND OF OTHERS, OF THE AL

· LIFE ·



THIS WORLD OF CREEPERS
OF OTHERS, OF THE ALMIGHTY, OF LIFE AND OF DEATH



Sweet Music Hath Its Sway



OUR music-loving fellow-citizens are just entering on their annual musical feast. It bids fair to be a "perfect gorge." Two houses devoted to nothing but grand opera, concerts galore announced and in prospect, and a number of orchestral organizations are all making successful bids for patronage in a community which a little more than a score of years ago lost the services of Theodore Thomas because there were not enough lovers of high-class music in New York to support his organization.

The most remarkable of these musical occurrences is the success which has apparently come to the Manhattan Opera House. A year ago Mr. Oscar Hammerstein rushed in where any reasonably sensible and timid angel might fear to tread and opened in a distinctly unfashionable neighborhood a grand opera plant to run in opposition to the Metropolitan, favored of finance and fashion. In his first season he is said to have gained a handsome return on his investment, and this season he opens to a patronage in which are numbered some of the ultra-fashionables who are not commonly believed to know that anything exists east of Madison Avenue or west of Broadway.

The Manhattan is a bit less impressive than the Metropolitan both in stage and audience, but it must be admitted that its entire atmosphere is less oppressive in display and pretentiousness. There seems to be a feeling of musical *camaraderie* in the audiences and those present seem to be enjoying their music more. Musical sharps appear to think that Mr. Hammerstein delivers quite as much for the money as do his competitors at the Metropolitan, and the customers who go to both houses, from those who wear tiaras and sit in the boxes to those who eat garlic and sit in the top galleries, seem to be as well pleased at the Manhattan as at the Metropolitan.

Whether or no New York is the world's musical center in taste and knowledge, it certainly holds that distinction to-day in the quantity of material support it gives to the sensual art.

* * *

THE second instalment of Mr. Arnold Daly's venture at the Berkeley includes three short pieces, each of which is interesting in a different way. The first, adapted from the French by Miss Gladys Unger, is a short story in terse dramatic form and is so absorbing in itself that we almost forgive its deficiencies in presentation. Neither Mr. Daly nor his leading woman, Helen Ware, seem to have much idea of love-making, but that it is indicated and even badly done serves to make clear the motion of the striking little play entitled "After the Opera." The plot is an ingenious one.

Mme. Hanako and her company in "A Japanese Lady" make a revelation of a Japanese sense of humor little suspected by Americans. Her diminutive self is a comedienne of almost perfect finish and to the exquisiteness of every motion she adds a drollery entirely irresistible.

The third number on the bill, "The Van Dyke," also from the



"THE STORK BROUGHT US A BABY BROTHER. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IT?"

"NO; BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THE STORK."

French, gives Mr. Daly a character part in which his abilities show to much better advantage than in straight work. Here again it would be an injustice both to actors and audience to betray the plot, but it is a highly amusing skit with an intense episode and a ludicrous ending. In the former, Mr. Daly really reaches heights of acting in which he is ably supported by Mr. Holbrook Blinn. The finale sends every one away laughing.

New York has never taken very enthusiastically to the kind of thing Mr. Daly is trying to do and the absurd smallness of the Berkeley is rather destructive of anything in the way of theatrical illusion. It is often urged as an excuse for the vogue of the thousand and one silly musical pieces that one may drop in on them after dinner, early or late, and enjoy a bit of entertainment without having to think about plot or pick up the thread of a story. Mr. Daly's disconnected bill seems to answer this requirement and in a considerably more rational way. At all events, his little plays are not insults to the intelligence of the theatregoer, even if they do not call for excessive intellectuality for comprehension.

* * *

IT IS to be feared that recent financial difficulties may have an unpleasant effect on the fortunes of the New Theatre. One of its principal promoters, a prominent real-estate operator, was involved in the fall of one of the trust companies, but it has not yet



Gladys: FATHER WILL BE SO PLEASED TO HEAR THAT YOU ARE A POET.

Algernon: AH! LIKE YOU, HE ADORES POETRY!

"NO! IT ISN'T THAT! THE LAST ONE OF MY LOVERS HE TRIED TO LICK WAS A FOOTBALL PLAYER!"

developed just how far the New Theatre was tied up to his individual fortunes. It is sincerely to be hoped that this will not be the cause of this laudable enterprise falling into unworthy hands.

* * *

"THE GREAT DIVIDE" is to go to London and it is said that it is also being translated for presentation in Paris, Berlin, Rome and Madrid. If this is true and the play is produced in those capitals, it would be an interesting experience for an American to witness the first performances. Foreign opinion about American civilization is not very clear in the most ordinary matters and it seems incredible that a Continental audience could grasp the distinctions between the extremes of American life shown by the *dramatis personae* in the first and later acts of this play. Perhaps this is only a press-agent story and foreign audiences will never be put to the awful test.

* * *

EVEN remote Baltimore takes cognizance of our ticket-speculator nuisance. Listen to the complaint of the Baltimore *Sun* critic:

But in New York for several years past the theatre-ticket speculator has literally—and continually—made life a burden to the theatregoer. This season the speculators have overleaped all bounds and have insulted men, and even women, who have refused to buy tickets for them at the box-office; have trained young girls to lie and buy for their pernicious business and have made the sidewalks in front of all the Broadway theatres a howling wilderness. They yell, shout, swear, insult pedestrians and otherwise make the theatregoer wish he hadn't gone.

All of which only emphasizes LIFE's often repeated statement that

The speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside.

* * *

THE critics in Chicago seem to be the first to reap the fruits of the recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals that a theatre is not a public place. The *Evening Post* of that city

and the *Inter-Ocean* printed things about "The Orchid" which did not please the managers of that entertainment. Result, the critics of those two journals must now cool their heels outside the doors of that particular theatre. Mr. Percy Hammond, the critic of the *Post*, gets back at the manager by saying that he (the manager) "believes the show to be good. He may be prejudiced. Probably he is not, but he may be. He owns the show. We do not, and we are glad of it."

In Chicago and elsewhere in this free country the whole matter of dramatic criticism would be vastly simplified if the proprietors and editors of newspapers submitted all criticisms to the managers before they were printed, allowing the owners of the shows to strike out whatever they did not approve of and insert whatever they considered desirable. This would save critics the unpleasant experience of presenting their tickets only to be notified publicly that their presence in the theatre was not desired. The Chicago public is made aware by this occurrence that every dramatic criticism in that city must hereafter be written with a view to not offending the managers and owners of the theatres.

Our boasted "free press" is getting to be like a number of other of our boasted free institutions, "free" only when they do not interfere with the plans of some monied interest. *Metcalfe.*



Academy of Music—"The Lion and the Mouse." Mr. Charles Klein's interesting financial-sentimental drama.

Astor—"Tom Jones." Notice later.

Belasco—Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West." Revival of the absorbing, well-mounted and well-acted drama of early mining days in California.

Berkeley Lyceum—Mr. Arnold Daly, Mme. Hanako and others in triple bill. See opposite.

Bijou—Ibsen's "The Master Builder," with Mme. Mazimova, Mr. Walter Hampden and good cast. Interesting if not altogether agreeable.

Casino—"The Gay White Way." Musical piece with imitations of recent stage successes. Fairly amusing.

Criterion—"The Dairymaids." Imported English musical farce. Not excessively diverting.

Daly's—Final weeks of "The Great Divide" with Margaret Anglin, Mr. Henry Miller and good cast. Interesting emotional drama.

Empire—Mr. John Drew, Billie Burke and competent company in "My Wife." Amusing and well presented comedy from the French.

Hackett—Last week of "When Knights Were Bold." Mr. Francis Wilson and good support in farcical treatment of the same theme as "The Road to Yesterday."

Herald Square—Lew Fields and large company in laughable musical farce, "The Girl Behind the Counter."

Hippodrome—Last week but one of "Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Spectacle and ballet. Imposing and worth seeing.

Keith and Proctor's Theatres—Vaudeville and revivals of former dramatic successes.

Lincoln Square—Aborn Opera Company in "The Bohemian Girl."

Lyric—Mrs. Patrick Campbell in repertory of problem plays.

Majestic—"The Top o' th' World." Very amusing extravaganza, especially pleasing to children.

Madison Square—"The Coming of Mrs. Patrick." New play by the author of "The Three of Us." Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

Stuyvesant—"A Grand Army Man." Mr. David Warfield and most judiciously selected cast in delightfully presented play of American village life.

Weber's—"Hip! Hip! Hooray!" Frothy, musical piece with burlesque. Not up to the Weber standard.

West End—Changing bill of dramatic attractions.



The LATEST BOOKS

EDITH WHARTON'S new novel, *The Fruit of the Tree*, is addressed, even more exclusively than was *The House of Mirth*, to the understanding instead of to the sentiment of her readers. Even their sympathy, the true harvest of understanding, is left far more coldly and more precariously to flower and ripen unaided. In fact Mrs. Wharton, having conceived and adopted her characters and their situation, maintains toward them throughout the relation of an abstract and nonpartisan intelligence, recording with crystalline precision of diction, and with pitiless and inexorable logic, the story of their self-fulfillment. And it is, upon the perfection of these qualities, and not upon the long story itself, that our appreciation centers.

Mr. Randall Parrish's melodramatic romance of the Colorado gold fields, *Beth Norvell*, is as various and as headlong as a three ringed circus. In addition to intrigue, treachery, murder and misunderstanding, the author keeps five dialects going at one time, and the effort at adjustment to the alternating broken English of a German, a Swede, an Irishman, a Spaniard and a stutterer, becomes as disconcerting as the demands of that familiar game wherein someone suddenly turns upon you and shouts "Bird!" and you are expected instantly to supply an example. The heroine is a young and interesting actress with a mysterious past; the book is a thriller with a possible present, but no future.

Professor Barrett Wendell, who in 1904-5 lectured at the various universities of France as the representative of Harvard, has published the results of his personal observation in a most interesting volume called *The France of To-Day*. Mr. Wendell's differs very vitally from the ordinary traveler's book. His equipment, as well as his opportunities, were exceptional; and as his mission was to bring America more justly within the comprehension of the French, so his book brings them more clearly within our own.

Wild Animal Celebrities is the title of a volume in which Ellen Velvin tells a number of facts about individual animals which have been in captivity or on exhibition here and abroad. The spirit of the book is purely reportorial and the work represents the Sunday Supplement at its best. The author is a Fellow of the Zoological society and has been "personally acquainted" with many of the animals. The other stories she has gathered from the directors of public collections and trainers of wild animals.

Warren Cheney, who has written several romances of the former Russian outposts in Alaska, has made good play with the special opportunities of those times and of that region in his new story, *His Wife*. The book aims at little more than casual entertainment, and one reads it with no very serious conviction either of its probability in outline or of its authenticity of detail. But its characters are agreeable and the mystery which it exploits for our benefit is capped by an adequate explanation and a happy ending.

Helen R. Martin, the literary discoverer of the Pennsylvania Dutch, has published a further volume of short stories under the title of *The Betrothal of Elypholate*. Mrs. Martin's appreciation and understanding of these picturesque and pig-headed gentry has, from the first, been more evident than her constructive skill or her perception of dramatic values. That understanding having served its turn; our interest in these types, as types, having been aroused and satisfied; the stories now offered to us are obliged to stand unsupported on their own feet. And unhappily they possess none.

One of the more attractive, as well as the more novel, of the holiday treats for the youngsters is *The Russian Fairy Book*, translated by Nathan H. Dole and illustrated in color from Russian drawings. Read aloud, these tales will bring the gratifying response of widely staring little eyes and widely opened little mouths; while the reader will discover

that European fairies, like European royal families, must have intermarried until they are all cousins.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Fruit of the Tree, by Edith Wharton. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Beth Norvell, by Randall Parrish. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.50.)

The France of To-Day, by Barrett Wendell. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Wild Animal Celebrities, by Ellen Velvin. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.00.)

His Wife, by Warren Cheney. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

The Betrothal of Elypholate, by Helen R. Martin. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Russian Fairy Book. (T. Y. Crowell and Company. \$2.00.)

A Deferred Opinion

THEATRICAL MANAGER: Do you think you are fully adequate to that scene?

GREAT ACTRESS: I can tell better when my clothes come from the dress-maker.

Ruin!

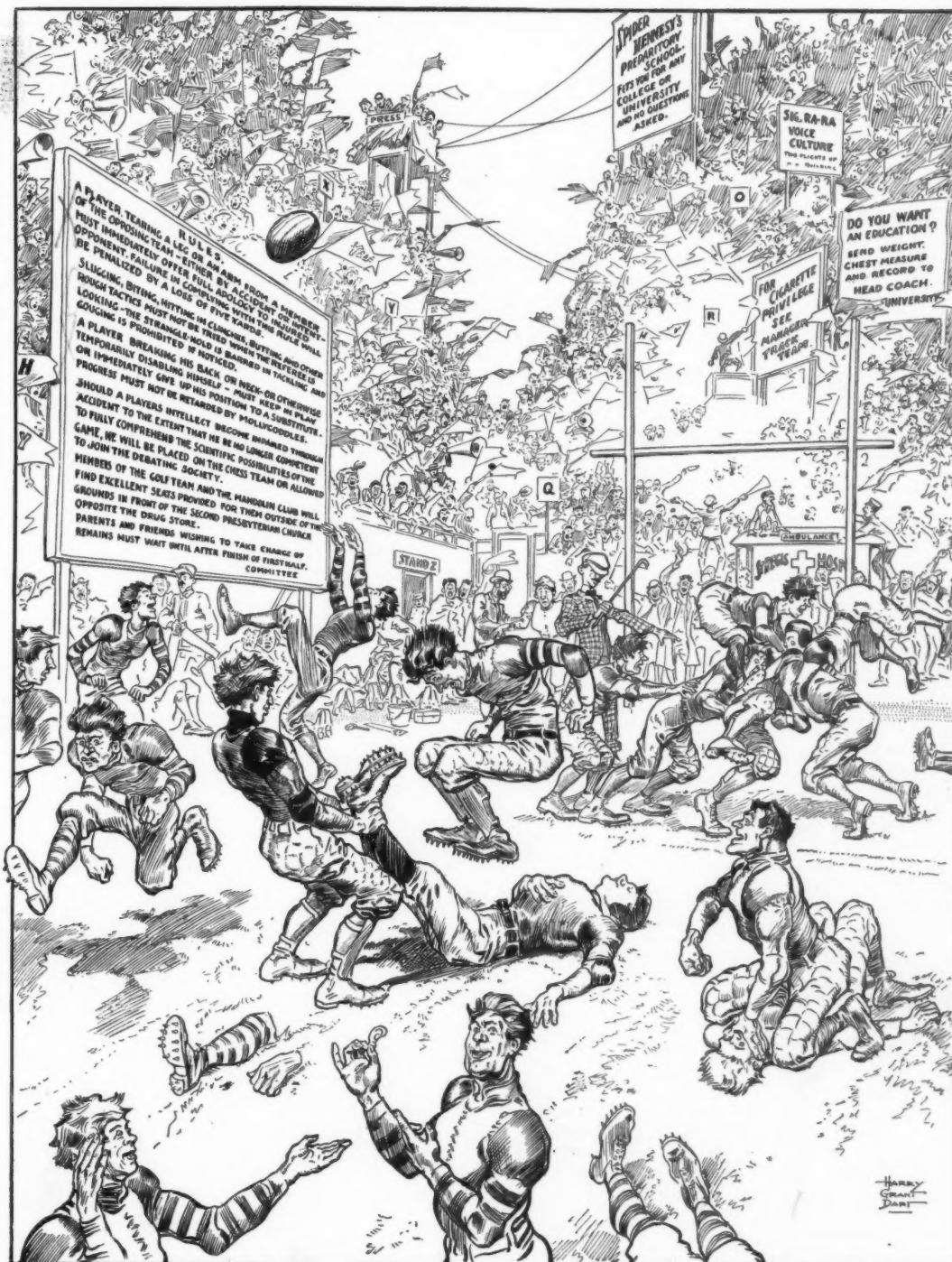
MR. BEETLE (*the insurance solicitor*): You don't mean to say you issued a policy to that centipede?

MR. SPIDER (*the agent for the Insects' Prudential*): Why not?

"Why, Spider, alive! we have to pay him \$5,000 for every leg he loses!"



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• LIFE •



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

THE CHEAPER WAY

"Do you know, hubby, that when I go to Ostend I shall dream of you every night?"

"If it's all the same to you, I would prefer to have you stay with me and dream of Ostend."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

A PSALM OF CAPITOL LIES

(With apologies to Henry W. Longfellow.)

Lies at Harrisburg oft remind us,
We may make our lies sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Millions, gained by graft and crime.

Millions, that perhaps another
Hunting for a "paying job,"
A forlorn and "lemoned" leader,
Seeing, may begin to rob.

Let us then be up and lying,
With a sanctimonious face;
Still eluding, still defying,
Learn to grin and bear disgrace.

—Punch Bowl.

A DUBIOUS OUTLOOK

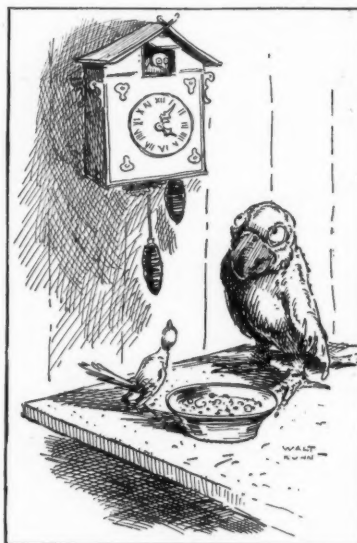
The rich young man who was trying to learn to work had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer, but he found that his path was by no means clear of obstacles.

"You tell me your father objects to your marrying me," he said, in a crestfallen tone. "Is it because I am in his employ? I can leave it and go back to a life of idleness if he prefers."

"Oh, no, that isn't what he wants," said the object of his choice. "He says I may marry you just as soon as you're valuable enough to have your salary raised."—*Youth's Companion*.

"I CAN'T understand our new hired girl. Just as soon as dinner is ready, she rushes out of the dining-room like mad."

"That's easy. She's just come back from a summer resort hotel, and she can't get over the habit of dodging the rush when the dining-room doors are opened."—*Detroit Free Press*.



The Parrot: THAT FELLOW UP IN THE CLOCK IS CERTAINLY A WONDER. I'VE BEEN IN THIS HOUSE TEN YEARS AND NEVER YET SAW HIM COME OUT TO DINNER.

HIS BROTHER'S FORETHOUGHT

A Tammany man tells a story in connection with a caucus held in Troy some years ago as illustrating how fully alive the Celts of that city were to the opportunities of American citizenship.

During the caucus in one of the lower wards of the city, a certain Michael Mulcahy was nominated for a minor position on the ward ticket to be voted for at the charter election. Some inquiries were made of Thomas Mulcahy as to who this person bearing the same name might be, as no one in the neighborhood could call him to mind.

"He's me brother," explained Tom, with cheerful alacrity. "He's not arrived in the country yit, but he tuk ship av a Wednesday, an' 'll be here in toime for the election."—*Lippincott's*.

A STRONG SUPPORT

Three-year-old George was being carried home on an icy winter evening. Suddenly his uncle, who was carrying him, slipped, and, by a superhuman effort, managed to save himself from going down with his burden. George regarded his porter with a patronizing air.

"I guess, Uncle Spencer," he remarked, complacently, "that you would have gone down then if you hadn't had me to hold on to!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

A FRENCH artist who recently visited this country has a poor opinion of the enlightenment of the British public.

In the British Museum he once overheard two men discussing some Egyptian coins.

"Them there," said the first man, "must be three or four 'undred years old, eh, Bill?"

"Three thousand, more likely," estimated his companion.

"Aw, go on, Bill! Why, we're only in 1907 now!"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

FORCE OF HABIT

ACTOR: You ran over me. I shall sue you for damages. Can you give me an advance on account?—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"BOTH sides alike were brave," said Admiral Dewey. "North and South, soldiers and sailors. And the bravery of the recruits was a thing to be seen to be believed."

"There used to be circulated though a good story about a Connecticut recruit. This young man, after he had got initiated, fought heroically, but in his first engagement he was very nervous."

"A chum of his was in the line ahead of him and when the bullets began to fly the chum began to dodge."

"Thereupon the recruit shouted excitedly:

"Hey, Jim, don't duck; I'm behind ye."—*St. Louis Republic*.

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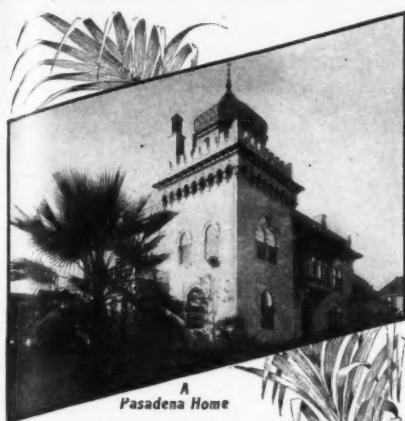
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TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT

There is a young artist in Washington who classes himself as of the impressionistic school, and who, being somewhat out in drawing, generally makes up for his lack of technique by spreading color recklessly and counting on distance for his effect.

At an amateur exhibition he once hung one of his most extraordinary performances.

"Well," said a friend, whom the artist had taken to see the work, "I don't want to flatter you, old chap, but that is far and away the best stuff you have ever done. I congratulate you."

Much pleased, the artist was receiving the compliment with becoming modesty, when he chanced again to glance at the picture—and turned very red. The committee had hung it upside down!

Hurrying to the head of the committee, he was about to launch into a loud complaint, when he was informed of the good news that an hour before the picture had been sold for \$61. The original price-mark had been \$19.—*Lippincott's*.

There is no Score "just as good" as "Rad-Bridge."

AFTER BURBANK

Shortly after a new administration took hold of a well-known Southern railroad a great number of claims were preferred against the company on account of horses and cattle being killed along the line in Kentucky. To make matters worse, it appeared that every animal killed, however worthless it may have been before the accident, invariably figured in the claims subsequently presented as being of the best blood in Kentucky.

One day, in conversation with one of the road's attorneys, the president became very much excited in referring to the situation. "Do you know," he exclaimed, bringing down his fist on the desk, by way of emphasis, "I have reached the conclusion that nothing in Kentucky so improves live stock as crossing it with a locomotive."—*Harper's Monthly*.

FIRST MAN: I hear that Smith sends everything he shoots to the hospital instead of to the game dealer.

SECOND MAN: How good of him! What does he go in for mostly—ducks, quail or deer?

"No; he only shoots gamekeepers."—*Tit-Bits*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

THE SHIFTY NEUTRAL

The wife of the American minister at The Hague recently asked Mr. Nelidoff, the Russian president of the Peace Conference, to write something in her album.

His sentiment was touched with feeling.

"It is easier," he wrote, "to make peace with one enemy than forty-seven neutrals."—*Youth's Companion*.

WE PROGRESS

"How we do change!"

"Yes, yes," assented the Sioux Falls lady. "Years ago I married men that I wouldn't invite to a musicale now."—*South-western Book*.

FROM North Carolina comes the following yarn:

"A visitor was taken out on what was apparently his first hunt for quail. In a cotton-field the dogs were working upon a covey, the sportsman and his friend from the North standing still, when suddenly the quail appeared between the rows of cotton, running. The visitor raised his gun to fire, whereupon his Raleigh friend cried out:

"Don't shoot them running!"

"I won't," replied the visitor in a trembling voice. "I'm waiting for them to stop!"—*Forest and Stream*.

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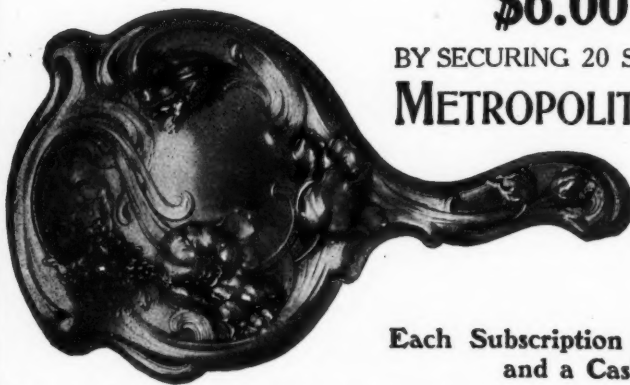
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(Formerly people thought too little about their health. To-day many of them think of little else.—Dr. Robertson Wallace.)

THERE is no way of quieting
The faddist's fright—such fears are his,
For when he is not dieting
Himself, he under treatment is.
(Of course, for every mortal ill
I have—and take—my special pill.)

I tell him—*verbum sap.*—annoyed
With foolish fussy folk I feel,
Who take a bi-palatinoid
Directly after every meal.
(One after breakfast, one at tea
Are always quite enough for me.)

Some have a plan, nor from it err,
Of using quite three times a day
The clinical thermometer—
Such folly fills me with dismay.
(I find it satisfies me quite
To use it every other night.)

Each day some make afresh a list
Of their complaints—fie, faddist, fie!—
And call upon a specialist
Three times a year—wild waste, say I!
(And—'tis the strangest chance, I vow—
I'm off to my pet doctor now.)

—London Chronicle.

The Rent-Payer's Reasons

WHY, asked the real estate man, "do you pay rent instead of owning a home?"
"I suppose," answered the mild-mannered man, "it's just habit. So long as I'm only paying rent I fool myself along with the idea that one of these days I'm going to move into a fine, roomy abode. But when I buy I know I've got to stick. Besides, there would be no pleasure at all in talking about yourself because you didn't make repairs."—*Washington Star.*

Eh?

GOVERNOR HUGHES insists that all the abuses in New York must be stamped out. Going to move Wall Street?—*Omaha Bee.*

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